Ah comfortable Fryer.
I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.
Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare some noise at hand,
We shall be taken, *Paris* he is slaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.
Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
Fr: I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come,
Iul: Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup clos'de in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter Watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
Iul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.
She stabs herselfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.
Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.

Enter

Enter one with Romets Man.

1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.
Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early mischiefe call's vs vp so soone.
Capt: O noble Prince, see here
Where *Iuliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewise newly slaine.
Prin: Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor's this that is so early vp?
Moth: The people in the streetes crie *Romeo*,
And some on *Iuliet*: as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.
Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*,
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin: Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp,
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too:
What further mischiefe can there yet be found?
Prin: First come and see, then speake.
Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.
Prin: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce.
Bring forth the parties in suspition.
Fr: I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.